

## **Folk Implosion**

### **"My Ritual"**

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My good time  
I feel all right  
My ritual followed us to paradise  
My blood moves  
I feel all right  
Don't touch me  
Cuz I've had too much to feel tonight

I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind  
It's gettin' easy not to suffer all the time

My good time  
I feel all right  
My ritual followed us to paradise  
My blood moves  
I feel all right  
Don't touch me  
Cuz you're still too much to feel tonight

Not tonight, I repeat, me over  
I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind  
It's getting easy not to suffer all the time  
My sense of humor might have narrowed with my age  
But happy anarchy is all I really crave

Trying to be good, while I get my fill  
Will I get what I need?  
I don't know if I will  
When I take it in, will I make it my own again  
My own again

My blood moves, I feel all right  
My ritual got me through another night

I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind  
It's getting easy not to suffer all the time  
My sense of humor might have narrowed with my age  
But happy anarchy is all I really crave

It's all I need, It's all I want, It's all I crave,  
So come over.(x4)

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